EPITAPHE VPON THE DEATH OF SIR IOHN SE-

TON of BARNS Knight, ane of the Lords of *our Soueranes priuie Counsell and Sessiun.*

TO win in heaven, perpetuall praise and prise,
And that this Land, should seik and sigh for thee:
Yea, that our joies, even by thy death might dee,
Heir with thy corps, our confort also lies,
No private losse, bot publik all men spies.
And in this wrack, thair ruine dois foresee:
Whiles that the better sort; by heauens decree
Defaced are, quhais fame filles Earth, and Skies.
Thou rests with God, quha was belou'd of Kings,
And graced in their Court, quhais grace thou was,
The *Fyrmes*, not *Slyde*, nor bounds these things,
Quhilk from thy vertuous valiant mind did pas.
The limmits be the Polles of South and North:
With *Ibere, Garon, Seine, Rhein, Thames* and *Forth.*

ABIIT NON OBIIT.

M. W. F.